

INDIAN AND BUFFALO

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THE PASSING

--OF THE--

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-BY-

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PINE RIDGE AND ROSEBUD AGENCIES, SOUTH DAKOTA

Two Strikes, Pine Ridge and Rosebud Sioux



# INDIAN AND BUFFALO

## HISTORY REVIEW OF INDIANS IN UNITED STATES

Indian history begins with the advent of the white people upon this continent. Much of what has been written about the pre-Columbian period is but a repetition of old fancies, legends and traditions. There are a few mounds or graves with their contents some inscriptions and some pottery resembling present tools and implements common to the world. Excepting these and his descendants and their legends the pre-Columbian Aboriginal stands a myth. The mounds or earth works found in New York, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio and elsewhere were for defence, residence or burial places. Built along streams they were frequently in the vicinity of rich alluvial soil where corn or other crops were easily raised.

The cave and cliff dwellings of the rivers and canyons of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona and the ruined towns or pueblos on the plains in the same regions, were also for defence and residence. Some of the ancient ruins which have been restored on paper from the foundation lines are deemed to have been communal houses. These three grades or kinds of structures each conforming to the demand of climate were found by the Europeans on their first settlement in what were the Colonies of England, France and Spain. The antiquity of these structures was not determined by them. The ruined cave towns and cliff dwellings on the plains or along streams in Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona and in some cases adjacent to the present Pueblos have long been peopled by romance with legends of a race anterior to the ancestors of the present Indians. They have been mapped, plated, described, painted and photographed until nothing new can be said about them. Investigation shows that the Pueblos were built of adobe or sundried bricks or stone blocks broken from the sandstone, adjacent or boulders taken from the rivers or streams and never of dressed stone as known to the whites, that they were the homes of the ancestry of the present Indians of the towns of the vicinity and a part of the American race.

The great area of the country covered by these ruins is no evidence that it contained a vast population for the country itself its resources and features prevented a large population and a small population abandoning easily built houses from time to time for economical reasons or flying to cave or cliff dwellings for protection against a foe, or escape sudden in

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roads of water will account for the great number of ruins or dwellings. The present Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico living in the regions of these ruins are not a mysterious people nor a more ancient people than other tribes of North American Indians. Six of the Moqui towns are inhabited by Shoshone Indians. The people of the seventh Town Tewa originally from the Valley of the Rio Grande are probably also Shoshone as well as those of the 19 Pueblos of New Mexico. They are all probably a portion of the down drift of the Shoshone movement centuries ago which came from the North and went South down the Valleys on the East and West of the Rocky Mountains to the Rio Grande, thence to the Pacific Ocean.

The great variety of life among the various tribes of people on this continent when first noted by the whites is confusing on review and furnishes but little grounds for comparison.

The varying degrees of progress or of detail of daily tribal life are perplexing. Still climate of the several sections in which the Aborigines were found in these varying conditions will account for much of the difference in customs, forms and modes of life.

It is in evidence that many Indian tribes have become extinct from various causes especially war famine and disease since white man came to this continent. Others were described by the Indians as having become extinct long prior to the coming of the "paleface". So by observation and tradition as well as their own statements the thought is forced that the Indian Nation or tribes were on the decline at the date of the arrival of the whites under Columbus. Still with all this presumably a large Aboriginal population in what is now the United States, not a vestage remains to tell of the so called pre-Columbian men and women, except now and then a mound, a fort, a pueblo or grave and traditions and legends.

The Europeans found the Indians self sustaining and self reliant with tribal Governments, many forms of worship and many superstitions with ample clothing of skins and furs and food fairly well supplied. They were wild men and women to whom the restraints of a foreign control became as bonds of steel. In 1832, George Catlin, the eminent ethnologist from observation gave the rank and grades of men in the various Indian tribes which with some slight modifications for local forms and necessities were general. The United States since establishing the reservation system has done much towards

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doing away with these grades. The Indian agents then and now approve or reject the selection of chiefs if any be selected and when there is a chief his power is nominal. No matter who selects or approved him. The constant hunt for the mere necessities of life by the Indians has removed the old sense of dependence on the chief.

The following are the grades given by Mr. Catlin:

1. War chief the first man of the Nation. The first to whom the pipe is handed on all occasions even in Councils or treaties. The man who leads in battle is first in war, speaks first in councils of war and second in peace councils or treaties.

2. Civil Chief, the head man of the Nation except in times of war, speaks first and smokes second in peace councils is chief orator of the Nation.

3. Warrior, a man who is not chief, but has been on war parties and holds himself ready at all times for war.

4. Braves, young men not distinguished as warriors, but known and admitted to be courageous, who stays at home to protect their homes and firesides.

As our Anglo Saxon ancestors moved across the continent from the East to the West he met several types of Indians, Indians living upon cultivated corn and vegetables, wild grains, fruits and roots, flesh eaters, root diggers and fish eaters. Every where he found the Indian conforming through necessity to his surroundings taking advantage of the situation and ingenious with the elements around him. The highest intelligence was found among the Indians of the Atlantic Coast and East of the Ohio River. This intelligence gradually decreasing until the most squalid Indians was found, beyond the Rocky Mountains and to the Pacific Coast and Northward in regions where the natural resources were limited. Peaceful at the advent of the whites then hostile the Indians became more wild and savage as our ancestors moved Westward. This fierceness being aggravated by the advancing lines of Anglo Saxon civilization. The Aboriginal American Indian furnished a theme for poet, historian and novelist. Coopers novels delightful and heroic with other Indian romances have produced in the American mind a belief in a higher type of Indian than ever existed. So with all romance of Indian type. The high type demanded by false types in literature and poetry has worked gross injustice to the present North American Indian. It has created in the popular mind in sections where he is not actually known a false impression of his capacity, his

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manhood and his fitness for the demands for Anglo Saxon life. In fact by reason of this false teachings we expect too much of him. He has been placed upon a high pedestal in literature story and song and at distances like the great statue he shows neither defect nor lack of symmetry. On close inspection the present Indian clearly indicates a great decadence from his reputed ancestors and convicts of exaggeration, many of the writers contemporaneous with his forefathers.

As a rule the reservation Indian did not change unless compelled by necessity or force. Outside surroundings do not effect him as they do other people. He welcomes death, but resists the tendered civilization. Indian life from his point of view is perfect and always has been. The continent was his and he an uncontrolled child of nature, the perfection of a wild man, he roamed over it without restraint. In early days he received hospitably the few whites who visited him. Prior to the advent of the whites the dugout canoe was his conveyance. The Spaniards brought the horse to America. Some of the horses escaped in the South and run wild in bands. The Indians soon captured and adopted them and so after awhile the canoe was partially abandoned, and as a result the roaming plains Indians followed. In time the pony became the Indians inseparable companion. The interior of the country was thus easily explored. The plains where the horse was found running wild became of value to the tribe having control of the vast stretches as a horse producing grounds and almost incessant war was the result. But if tradition is to be believed war was the normal condition of the Indians of North America. The horse enabling the Indian to follow the buffalo for food and cloths and the claiming of the lands by the different tribes, encourages his nomadic habits and paved the way for his continued unsettled life.

The buffalo range were the battlefields where the Southern Commanche fought the Northern Sioux, and the Pawnee and the Cheyenne met in deadly conflict. The wandering habits of many tribes and their varied manners and customs may account for the great number of tribal languages. Permanent and isolated tribal settlements also aided the growth of distinct speech. Then the ideal Indian life existed. The battle for the necessities of life was not a struggle as now, because game was abundant and people were not so numerous. Skins and furs for clothing and for making lodges, tents or tepees were plentiful and the flesh of the fur animals was good for



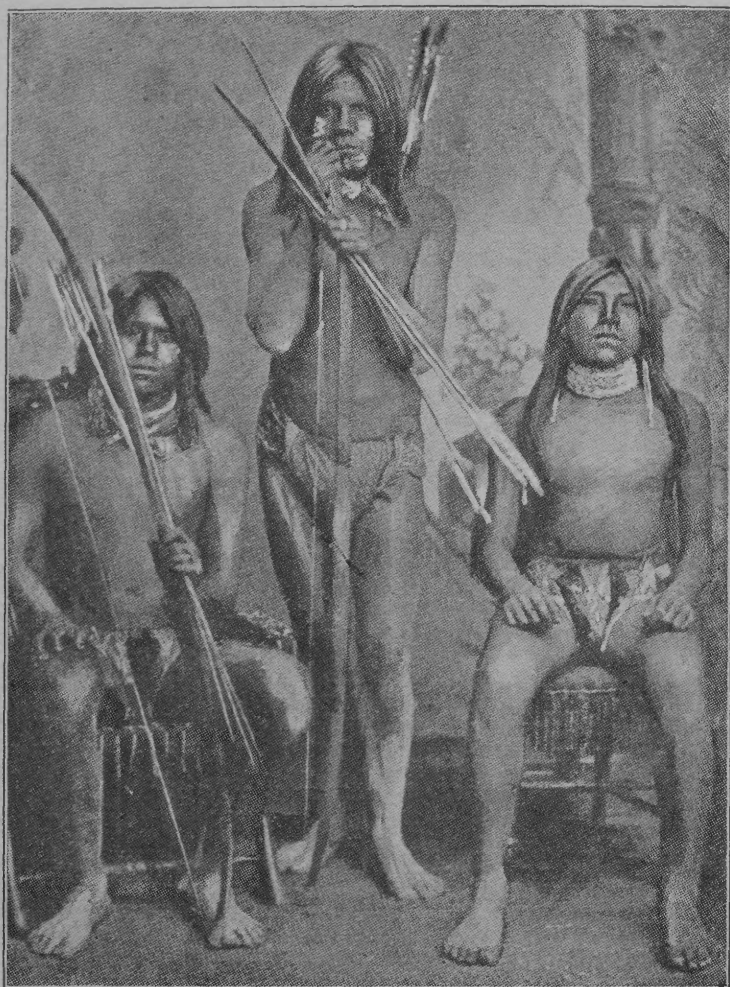
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food. The streams abounded in fish and the seasons brought the unfailing crops of roots and nuts. War, theft and laziness in the men were virtues and labor by the woman a duty. The workers in the tribes were few and the bread winners were the decoy, spear and bow and arrow. The patient squaw was the stay of the family being in fact a beast of burden and both camp guard and keeper while the males loafed, hunted, stole horses, fished or made war. Wants were few and easily supplied. Waste of flesh food was then the rule. Still with all his carelessness, the Indians had some idea of economy in killing of animals for food as the buffalo herds or game preserves were invaded only in season.

In illustration of Indian life, consider the conditions and surroundings of lake and river Indians of the middle United States. The Pottawatomia, Chippewas, Ottawas, Huron, Wyandotte, Miami, Shawnee and Kickapoo roamed along the lakes, rivers and streams of what is now Ohio, Indiana, Northeastern Illinois and Michigan. This was to them an ideal home. The water yielded fish, the trees shelter and fuel, the plains food and cloths. The Detroit River was then a favorite passage way, rallying point for the Northwestern Indians. On it the canoes came and went and it was an artery in the system of aboriginal life. Game was abundant including bear, elk, moose, wolves, beaver, otters, muskrats and rabbits, wild berries were indigenous. The sugar maple contributed to the luxury of the savage taste. The wild rose honey suckle and clematis made the forest air fragrant and along the waterways and lakes the lily waved its welcome of beauty in myriad blossoms. Night came as a time for rest and while nature worked the Indian slept and on the morrow as the suns rays kissed the longing earth he arose to a bountiful repast not created by man.

The incoming of the white man changed all this. The first sentence of the Latin tongue spoken in the Northwest ordained the death of the Indian. He felt it and neither honeyed speech, tuneful song nor gilded. Vestment and protecting church could reconcile him to the foreign invasion and control. The green wood echoed to the ax of the settler, and the stalwart son of the forest who had walked through his own possessions alert and erect as the towering pine became of necessity a stealthy or hiding outcast in the land of his fathers, and crawled by night amidst the groves where prior to the advent of whites he had boldly walked by day as a free man unchal-

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SALT RIVER RESERVATION, PIMA AGENCY, ARIZONA.

Two Maricopa men (sitting) and Mojave man, in full aboriginal dress.

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lenged of his tribe. That the North American Indian was a seafaring man prior to the advent of Europeans there is no evidence. He was not met at sea or at a distance from the coast. If he originally came by water across the sea his descendants early lost the trade of their fathers. The Indian village life the growth of centuries is now partially perpetuated on the larger reservations and the love of it is one of the chief causes of the Indians resistance to the white mans customs. He does not like to live isolated. The Latin and Anglo Saxon life which poured in upon the Indian was to him an invasion. The pale face to him was a robber, who despoiled him of his lands and game and so became for all time his enemy. The Indians first impression of the white man was not very favorable and to him the white man has not changed, except to be looked upon as more grasping. He found in the first white man the same instincts of trade and desire to oppress the lower orders of men that he finds now. The Indian squaw is the tenderest possible Mother, affectionate, loving and even going hungry for her child, at the same time she is a fiend in war with the whites and is the embodiment of cruelty in her methods of torturing the captives men, women and children.

The ancestors of the Comanches of the early Texan days were known as Comanches of the Woods, those who lived in the timber. The Commanches of the Prairies, horse Indians.

Senator Sam Huston in the senate of the United States December 31, 1854, in speaking of them said: There are not less than 2000 prisoner whites in the hands of the Comanches, 400 in one band in my own state. They take no prisoners but women and boys, killing the men. The boys they treat with a degree of barbarity unprecedented, and their cruelties toward the females are nameless and atrocious.

The war against the Comanches in Texas in 1874-75 was the last fight with them. The remnant have ever since been good Indians. The Arizona territory was formed from the territory captured from Mexico and ceded by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, Feb. 2, 1848, the low portion of the Gadsden purchase December 30, 1853. This purchase was generally known as Arizona prior to coming under the jurisdiction of the United States. The Indian population was in character from the earliest time 1542 about the same as now and probably never could have exceeded 40,000 in number. The barrenness of the country and lack of water precluded a large population.

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The reservation Indian population of Arizona in 1890 was 28,452, its non-reservation Indian population 1512, not otherwise enumerated 17, total 29,981. Geronimos band of Apaches, 384 in numbers, were captured and deported in the interest of peace to Mount Vernon barracks near Mobile, Alabama. The Pimas and Papagos have always been friends of the whites, the Papagos claim to have never killed a white man. The Papagos have small herds of stock including horses, these constitute their substance, owing to scarcity of water their flocks are not large. A few years ago deer was plentiful and the markets of the whites were supplied with venison in season by the Indians, mountain sheep and goats are also brought in by them. Black and cinnamon bears are killed occasionally. The cotton tail rabbit abounds and is in demand for the table. The Mountain Lion is found in the hills. The Coyote, Fox, Jack Rabbit and Skunk make up the animals found here.

The Navajos have inhabited the mountains, plateaus of Arizona and New Mexico between the San Juan and Little Colorado rivers ever since they were discovered. They range up in the four corner country where the four states join, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah, the wildest and least known part of the United States today, the last of the old west. The Navajos have acquired many useful arts among them spinning and weaving. Their blankets woven in looms are of great excellence and bring from \$25 to \$100. They cultivate the soil, raising large quantities of corn, squash and melons. The Navajos are successful stock raisers, careful and patient they guard their flock most jealously. The men and boys look after the horses and the women and girls as a rule take care of the sheep herds. As early as 1890 the report of the commissioner of Indian affairs gives for the Navajo reservation 8,000 acres cultivated by Indians, 3,000 families engaged in farming and other civilized pursuits, 500 bushels of wheat, 100 bushels of oats and barley, 30,000 bushels of corn, 200 bushels of vegetables, 250,600 horses and mules, 1,000 burros, 6,000 cattle, 700,000 sheep and 200,000 goats. Their horses are small, the typical Indian pony. In the corner of Utah they raise some fine large horses, crosses from stock obtained from the Mormons. They delight in horse races.

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## THE SIOUX

Most people believe Sitting Bull was the real chief of the Sioux Indians. This is a mistaken idea. He was the Medicine Man and a kind of prophet. He prophesied the battle with the whites in 1876, said his people would be victorious and after the Custer massacre he was looked up to as having super-human information, and had quite a following afterwards. Old Gaul was the war chief, it was him that planned the battle of the Little Big Horns, placed the decoy village in the little valley that led Custer in where his army was completely surrounded and annihilated.

## THE LAST BATTLE OF THE SIOUX

Sitting Bull was killed in the battle at Wounded Knee, 1890, by the Indian Police, some of his own tribe who was sent to his camp by Colonel Forsyth of the Seventh United States Cavalry to make peace in and effort to get him to return to the reservation. He ordered his men to fire on the Police when he was shot by the Polic, the first man to fall, and the Sioux last battle was on December 29, 1890, resulting in the loss of one officer and twenty-four men, the wounding of three officers and thirty-two men and the killing of one hundred and twenty-eight and the founding of thirty-eight Sioux.

## THE SUN DANCE

This barbarous custom of the Sioux was their acid test to find a warrior fitted to be War Chief. Those who joined the dance were expected to be ready to commence at the rising of the sun, having everything in readiness the day before. One end of a rope was fastened to a tree, the other end to a post about twenty feet distance. And all those wishing to show their bravery and test their qualifications for warriors did so in the following manner: They cut slits in the skin on their breasts at a distance of two inches apart and passed a strong cord or a piece of rawhide through between the flesh and outer skin, with which they securely tied to the rope that was stretched from the tree to the post. In this manner they were expected to dance from sun to sun without being liberated from the rope to which they were fastened, unless they could release themselves by literally tearing loose. If they succeeded



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in tearing the flesh and skin thus releasing themselves, they were brave and worthy of a great chieftain. But if they failed to endure the torture or fainted as was often the case, they were called Squaw-men and under no circumstances could they be known as the great warriors of the tribe until they could under-go this horrible treatment. The great old warrior John Gaul had great scars on his breast, the results from that test. The last dance they had of this kind was about thirty years ago. There has been considerable change in the condition of these Indians since the disappearance of the game. The days when he spent most of his time in war camps subsisting on Buffalo meat only coming into the agency to destroy the flour that was issued to him by pouring it on the ground and using the bags for breech-cloths are gone. Now he is never satisfied, will take all he can get. There is no hunting now and little fishing. Stock raising is more profitable than farming. The most successful are those that have small herds of cattle that run on the wild grass. The old way of issuing beef to the Indians at the agencies was to turn loose ten or twelve wild Texas steers at one time, when a band of the young warriors would chase them, armed with carbines, six-shooters and all kinds of weapons. The cattle would be shot down on the dead run, they liked the sport and said it made it better meat to run them and kill them hot. Most of the old Sioux warriors are gone—Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-face, Spotted Tail, Standing Bear, Young Man Fraud of His Horse, Running Antelope—are all gone now, the remnant of what was once the most dangerous tribe of Indians on the American Continent are living peaceably on the Reservation Standing Rock Agency, so called after a rock that is exhibited on a pedestal in front of the agency office.

The history of it is this: Several generations ago the country belonged to the Arickarees from whom the Dakotas took by force of arms. Two war parties met near the present site of the agency. The Arickarees being the weaker were obliged to retreat, leaving behind them an old squaw, who refused positively to go preferring to die in her own country, which would have been the case had she been captured. The enemy approached intending to kill her but what was their surprise to find the woman had turned to stone. This stone was for a long time regarded with great reverence, it was considered a great medicine. Now it stands mounted on its pedestal in front of the agency, a relic of the past.

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Over one hundred years ago in a report to the French Academy written by a competent investigator, it was stated that the North American Indian is an enigma and this can in truth be written of him today. While an enigma, he is of a magnificent race physically. When we consider the ravages of disease, intermarriage, exposure, starvation and the white man's ills, then consider the number of Indians now here as against the number at the advent of the European on this continent, the Indian would seem to be a startling example of the survival of the fittest. War fits his nature—is his occupation by design. Being the original occupant of the land he can not see why he should give way and move to parts unknown. He can not see the profit to come to him from his being despoiled first and absorbed afterwards. Centuries of living by roaming warfare and the consuming of the wild products of nature have not fitted him for readily accepting Anglo Saxon civilization.

The Indians battle has been for the control of the heart of a Continent with few exceptions, he does not realize the necessity for change. It was bred in his bone, that labor is dishonorable and the demands and requirements of civilized life foretold to him the end of the old Indian life, and the curling smoke from the settlers cabin, the doom of his unrestrained liberty.

Moral training as we know, he never knew, and many of them do not know to this day. His method of warfare, fierce and brutal was born in him, he met force with force, reason with the knife and logic with his club. The first tender of our advancing civilization he met with surprise, and then resistance, and for three hundred years warfare followed. In most of the pioneer movements to the West the crack of the rifle was heard where the glitter of the hoe was seen.

As the Indian felt the presence and weight of the new civilization all of his past history and present life crowded upon him and he revolted because he could see that his race was about to be covered by a cloud that would eventually engulf it. The white men's clutch was at his throat with the advancing lines of the white men it took no prophet to foretell the Indians doom. With clenched teeth and club or gun in hand he placed his back to the rock and dies in resistance.

It has been stated that the present area of the United States since the white man came has contained more than 500,000 Indians. High estimates were made in early days but

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the average even then was about 1,000,000. In 1890 we had 248,253 civilized and uncivilized Indians. Through four centuries warlike bands resisted and many resist progress today. How defiantly they met death. They died silently without a groan amid the shouts of murdered white men and women and butchered children, the roar of the cannon and the crack of the rifle.

Over the old hunting grounds across the silvery streams which tread the brown barrens and plains up the tall mountains among the towering pines to the snow capped and sun touched summits in the land once the home of his people, the Indians of today can cast only a longing eye and reflect. The plains are silent to the tread of the old Indian host. No monuments or structures tell their story, no footprints in the rocks, no piles of carved or sculptured stone to speak of their patience, ingenuity or their presence. The streams run as of yore, but while softly creeping to the sea, they sing no song and speak no word of the olden times. The nodding pine and ash along the mountain side bend and bow a welcome to the newcomer, but are silent as to the past. The canyon and mountain recess shelter as of old but speak not. For the remaining Indian the painter, the museum and the art preservative alone can tell the story, even nature, the Indians God, is silent as to him and speaks not. Such has been his life, such the result, that if the entire remaining Indians were completely wiped from the face of the earth they would leave no monuments, no buildings, no written language save one, no literature, no inventions, nothing in arts or sciences, absolutely nothing for the benefit of mankind. A few graves and unimportant ruins met the gaze of the white man four hundred years ago. The past of the Indian was sealed even then and apparently to the Indian as well as to the white man. And this condition remains to this time, all of the Indian past is now reflection. Old squaws and tottering old men on the remaining reservations in most cases in squalor, rags and hunger, retell the fierce battles of their people, each tale exaggerated with age, everyone mentioned a hero, all now legend and myth. These past Indian glories can never come again but the Indian does not realize it, and so he invokes their return with his ghost or messiah dance.

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CHEYENNE AND ARAPHO AGENCY, OKLAHOMA

### BRIBE THAT LED TO SEMINOLE WAR

Osceola, "the Tiger of the Everglades," was in prison. And all Florida rejoiced. The half-breed Indian had long been a storm center, and while he had been at large there was no hope for lasting peace. From the age of fourteen, Osceola had been a war chief of the Seminoles—the crafty and bloodthirsty Indian "nation" that made its lair in the impenetrable Everglade swamps and issued forth from time to time to carry flame and death to settlers. When Uncle Sam wanted to ship the Seminoles to a Western reservation and to take over their Florida lands, Osceola flew into a rage and bellowed his refusal of the plan, even driving his knife through the proffered treaty. Soon after this Osceola was caught and jailed. Without his fiery leadership the Seminoles were helpless. And the region grew safe and prosperous. But Osceola had no intention of staying in prison. According to one story he offered to sign away the lands of his ancestors to the government in return for his freedom. Then, when force and guile failed to release him, he fell to studying the characters of the soldiers who guarded him. At length he found the man he sought. He offered the soldier a rich bribe to help him escape. The soldier accepted the bribe. Osceola, freed from prison, hurried from place to place with incredible speed, gathering together the scattered Seminole bands. Soon he was ready to strike the first blow. One day, early in 1836, he sent 80 of his warriors to waylay Major Dade, who was marching at the head of a body of United States troops along the military road near Tampa Bay. The Indians ambushed Dade's men and slew

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108 of them. At the same time another detachment, led by Osceola, ravaged and burned the settlement at Fort King, killing the Indian agent (against whom the chief had sworn revenge for putting him in prison) and many others. In a dozen places throughout Florida Osceola struck with the swiftness and deadliness of an Everglade rattlesnake, inflicting fearful damage and getting safely out of reach before punishment could follow.

General Clinch, with 1,000 regulars, blundered upon a much smaller force of Indians under Osceola at the ford of the Withlacoochee river. The United States troops, in the battle that followed, sustained fearful loss. Osceola boasted later that in this fight he himself killed no less than forty white men. When the Seminoles' ammunition was gone they hurled themselves bodily upon the soldiers with knives and clubbed guns. Battle after battle followed, until, in General Taylor, Osceola found a foe who outgeneraled him. In the final and greatest battle of the Seminole war, Osceola made a gallant stand. The waters of the nearby river ran blood red for days thereafter. The Seminoles were routed and scattered in panic flight. This time there was no leader to rally them again and inspire them to continue war. For the government authorities had invited Osceola to a conference, pledging their honor that he would not be molested. He accepted the invitation, and, the moment he was inside the fort where the conference was to be held, he was seized, fettered and hustled off to St. Augustine. Thence Osceola was sent in 1837 to the military prison at Charleston harbor. Realizing that here he could have no hope of escape, he went on a "hunger strike" and died.

### LITTLE CAUSES THAT HAVE LED TO BIG WARS

One Soldier's Folly That Led to the Black Hawk War.

Black Hawk—Makataime—Shekiakiak—cross the Mississippi, from his tribe's reservatin, in 1831. With him were some of his Sac tribesmen. Their errand was peaceful. To use Black Hawk's own words, they were going to "steal their own corn." In other words, to plant a crop on some rich and unoccupied land that had once been theirs and had been taken over by the government. Their present reservation was nearly barren, and the extra crop was sorely needed to avert famine. There is no reason to believe the band had any warlike intention. But their presence on the wrong side of the Mississippi



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was made known to the local army commander, General Atkinson, who ordered them back. Black Hawk explained that his errand was peaceful and that he and his men would go home as soon as the corn planting was finished. A battalion of militia was at once sent to enforce the General's command. Black Hawk, who was camped in a forest, supposed that the troops had not understood his explanation and sent a messenger, under flag of truce, to explain the situation all over again. As the flag-of-truce bearer with two comrades approached the militia one of the white soldiers lost his head at sight of three real live Indians and snatched up a musket. Before any attempt could be made to stop him the militiaman fired on the flag of truce. The Indian who carried the flag dropped dead. And this wantonly idiotic shooting caused the famous "Black Hawk War." Black Hawk, on learning that his messenger was shot, gathered forty braves around him and hid in a tangled thicket. As the militiamen—270 in number approached, they were met by a blaze of gunfire and a deafening chorus of war-whoops. The soldiers turned and fled. Two hundred and seventy United States militiamen put to utter rout by forty ill-armed Indians! Nor did most of the soldiers pause in their panic retreat until they reached Dixon's Ferry, fully thirty miles away from the scene of their disgrace.

The war was on. The refugees announced that they had been "ambushed by 2,000 blood-thirsty savages." And their story was believed until it was proven that the Indians had numbered barely forty, and that only fifteen of these had given chase to the fleeing 270.

General Winfield Scott, with 1,000 regular troops, marched against the Sacs. His little army was reinforced by militia and frontiersmen. Among the militia volunteers was a lanky, gigantic, young country lawyer—Abraham Lincoln by name. Black Hawk by this time had been joined by his full fighting force and by war parties from allied tribes. His band numbered about 500, against more than 2,000 white foes. There were the usual raids and wholesale murders and skirmishes common to Indian warfare and several pitched battles. Black Hawk sent to the General in command the following message:

"Black Hawk would have been a friend of the whites, but they would not let him. The hatchet was dug up by them and not by the Indians. Black Hawk meant no harm to the pale-faces when he came across the Mississippi, but came peaceably to plant corn for his starving women and children. Even

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then he would have gone back, but when he sent his white flag the brave who carried it was inhumanly shot. Black Hawk will have revenge, and he will never stop until the Great Spirit shall say to him 'come away'!" But at length, his band cut to pieces, while constant reinforcements swelled the ranks of his enemies, Black Hawk was forced to surrender. The officer in charge of the detachment that escorted the beaten chief to St. Louis and to prison there was a young army lieutenant, Jefferson Davis, son-in-law of Colonel Zachary Taylor, who had fought so gallantly throughout the campaign. In the brief Black Hawk War, oddly enough, were four soldiers, three of whom later were Presidents and a fourth a Presidential candidate. They were Lincoln, Taylor, Davis and Scott.

### A SQUAW'S ILLNESS THAT STARTED OUR NEZ PERCE WAR

This is the story of an Indian Napoleon. His people called him Hinimaton-Yalatkit, war chief of the Choppunnish nation. History knows him as Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces. The Choppunnish were nicknamed Nez Perces (pierced noses) by some early French pioneers because of their custom of wearing nose rings. They were probably the best, most intelligent body of Indians in America. Under their leader, christened "Joseph" at a local mission, they lived contentedly on a north-western reservation bigger than New York State. Then the old tragic story of settler-and-savage was retold.

The white men, drifting westward, invaded the reservation, found it rich and full of promise for them, and forthwith pulled wires at Washington to have the Indians kicked out. As usual, the plan was successful. The Nez Perces were ordered to move to a smaller, much less desirable reservation far away from the homes they loved. To add to their grievances they were abused, robbed right and left and treated like dogs by many of the white settlers. The Nez Perces were furious. They clamored to go on the warpath, to fight to the death for their homes and their rights. Wise old Chief Joseph, however, held them in check. His power over them was absolute—so long as he was on hand to enforce that power. General O. O. Howard was sent to persuade the chief to consent to the change of reservations. Joseph listened gravely to the General's spurious arguments, hearing him to the end. Then, when Howard paused, the chief inquired:

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"If we consent to be herded on that little strip of land what will the Great Father at Washington give us? Will he give us schools, teachers, houses, gardens, farm tools?"

"Yes, yes!" replied the delighted General, "you will have all of those things."

"Well," drawled the chief, "those are just the things we do not want. The earth is our dear mother. Do you think we wish to break it and dig it up?"

At this crisis of the trouble, in 1873, Chief Joseph's wife, who was far away upon a visit, fell dangerously ill. The chief dropped everything and hastened to her. While Joseph was away two of his braves chanced to fall into talk with two farmers. One of the Indians laid his hand, inquisitively, on the brand-new rifle of one of the farmers. The other farmer, perhaps mistaking the meaning of the gesture, shot the Indian dead. That started the outbreak. Joseph was not there to calm his tribesmen and to demand regular justice against the murderer. His followers took the law into their own hands. Border warfare, with all its horrors of burning, theft and massacre, burst forth. The chief, hurrying to the scene of strife, found himself too late to stem the tide of slaughter.

Only one course, as he saw it, remained for him to follow. He threw in his lot with his people. The great Nez Perces war was on! For months the conflict blazed along the frontier. In battle after battle Joseph's military genius caused the rout of the government troops. He out-generaled the best officers sent against him and defeated regulars and militia alike, with fearful loss. Up to this time the Nez Perces had, from earliest days, been the friends of the white man. Now, owing to Joseph's generalship, they were proving the most dangerous Indian foes our government had ever faced. At last, overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers, Chief Joseph ordered a retreat. He hoped to transport his people bodily across the Canadian border, where they would be safe from pursuit. This retreat has been called one of history's most brilliant feats of strategy. His men and horses, tired, his march impeded by the wounded and by the tribe's women and children, Joseph set out for Canada. In front of him, barring his way, was a strong force under General Miles. Close behind him a second body of troops under General Howard. Colonel Sturgis' soldiers were at his flank. He was completely hemmed in. In spite of these incredible odds, Joseph and his entire band slipped through the pursuer's hands again

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and again; traveling nearly 1,400 miles in round-about dodging, and being headed off at last and forced to surrender when they were less than fifty miles from the Canadian border line. As it was, Joseph surrendered only on receiving certain promises of good treatment for his people. As soon as he was in the power of his enemies these promises were broken by the conquerors, and he and his gallant band were ignominiously hustled off to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Since the advent of the white man in the United States there have been almost constant wars between them and the Indians up until 1895. Beginning on the Pacific side in 1539 and on the Atlantic after 1600.

These wars and outbreaks arose from various causes from the resistance by the Indian to the white man's occupation of his lands from the Indians murderous disposition from national neglect and failure to keep treaties and solemn promises.

We have an estimated cost of the Indians to the United States from July 4, 1776 to June 30, 1890. 1,067,017,740.69 dollars aside from the amounts reimbursed to states for their expenses in wars with Indians and aside from pensions.

With the capture of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces in the Modoc war in 1873, passed the last great Indian Chief.

Such is a brief sketch of the Red Man who was. The only hope of the perpetuity of his race seems now to center in the Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles and Chickasaws of Oklahoma numbering about fifty thousand souls and have attained a considerable degree of civilization. Since the discovery of oil on their lands many of them are living in luxury with fine homes, automobiles and everything necessary to happiness and contentment in a land of plenty. Most of the other tribes are rapidly approaching extinction. Right or wrong such is the logic of events. Whether the Red Man has been justly deprived of the ownership of the New World, will remain a subject of debate, that he has been deprived, can be none. The Saxon has come. His conquering foot has trodden the vast domain from shore to shore. The weaker race has withered from his presence. By the majestic rivers and in the depths of the solitary wood, the feeble sons of the bow and arrow will be seen no more. Only their names remain on hill and streams and mountains. The Red Man sinks and fails. His eyes are to the West. To the prairies and forests, the hunting grounds of his ancestors. He says "Farewell." He is gone. The cypress and the hemlock sing his requiem.

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LOWER BRULE RESERVATION, CROW CREEK AND LOWER BRULE AGENCY,  
SOUTH DAKOTA

Iron Nation, Chief of Lower Brule Sioux.



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Overlooking the peaceful Pacific at San Francisco is the life size figure of an Indian astride of his bare-backed pony, looking to the West, representing the Indian at the end of the Trail. To which the following lines were dedicated by one of the tribe.

I am dreaming now of the times that are past,  
And straining my heart strings to give a solution,  
Of why could not those joyful days everlast,  
Oh, changeable world is it called evolution.

My prairie home old old was teeming,  
With millions of buffalo our raiment and food,  
And yet in our innocence we never saw gleaming,  
The change that was coming that left us so nude.

How well I remember the young braves would assemble,  
All mounted with bows strung taut for the chase,  
With a roaring sound the grand prairie would tremble,  
Re-echo the joys from the pride of our race.

The pale-face has come and brought civilization;  
He slaughtered our buffalo. Oh, shame and disgrace,  
They call it rudiments of building a nation,  
By taking from nature and stranding a race.

Why should I, in sorrow and sadness bewail  
The things that were in the zone of the blessed;  
Since now we are nearing the end of the trail,  
And our sun is now setting in the land of the West.

Then need we fear that time will erase it,  
In the midst of time will memory fail?  
Or will those that are coming in reverence caress it,  
The emblem that stands by the "End of the Trail."

The Osages are the wealthiest tribe of Indians in the United States, or the world. Protecting the government's wards from swindlers is one of the biggest tasks of the Indian service.

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Formerly, great numbers of crooked whites attempted to marry into the tribe to get the advantage of some squaw's easy income, but closing the tribal rolls several years ago put an end to this.

The joke about the Osage wealth is that back in 1883, the white people, wanting the Indians' rich agricultural lands in Kansas, practically forced them down to a barren and rocky strip of land in Oklahoma.

The richest oil field in the world was discovered on that land and now it probably produces more every year than the same area of Kansas wheat land will produce in a lifetime.

Indian tribal funds now held by the government are close to \$25,000,000 and there is approximately \$30,000,000 deposited to the credit of individual Indians in various banks.

The number of Indians in this country has increased 12,500 in the past ten years, and now is close to 340,000. Government experts attribute this increase to better living conditions.



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## BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BUFFALO

The discovery of the American Bison as first made by Europeans occurred in the menagerie of a heathen King.

In the year 1512 Cortez reached Anahuac, the American Bison was seen for the first time by civilized Europeans, if we may be permitted to characterize the horde of blood thirsty plunder seekers who fought their way to the Aztec Capitol With a degree of enterprise that marked him as an enlightened Monarch, Montezuma maintained for the instruction for his people a well appointed menagerie of which the historian De-Solis wrote as follows in 1724: In the second square of the same house where the wild beasts which were either presents of Montezuma or taken by his hunters, in strong cages of timber ranged in good order and under cover. Lions, tigers and all others of the savage kind which New Spain produced, among which the greatest rarity was the Mexican Bull, a wonderful composition of divers animals. It has crooked shoulders with a bunch on its back like a camel, its flanks dry, its tail large and its neck covered with hair like a lion. It is cloven footed, its head armed like that of a bull which it resembles in fierceness with no less strength and agility.

Thus was the first Buffalo seen in America by Europeans described. The nearest locality from whence it could have come was the State of Coahuila in Northern Mexico between 400 and 500 miles away, and at that time vehicles were unknown to the Aztecs. But for the destruction of the whole mass of written literature of the Axtecs by the priests of the Spanish Conquest, we might now be revealing in historical accounts of the Bison which would make the oldest of our present records seem of comparatively recent date.

Nine years after the event referred to above or in 1530 another Spanish explorer, Alvar Nunez Cabeza, afterwards called Cabeza de Vaca or in our language Cattle Cabeza, the prototype of our own distinguished Buffalo Bill was wrecked on the Gulf Coast west of the delta of the Mississippi from whence he wandered Westward through what is now the State of Texas, he discovered the American Bison on his native heath. So far as can be ascertained this was the earliest discovery of the American Bison in a wild state and the description of the species as recorded by the explorer is of historical interest. It is brief and superficial.

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The unfortunate Explorer took very little interest in animated nature except as it contributed to the sum of his daily food which was then the all important subject of his thoughts. He almost starved. This is all he had to say: Cattle come as far as this, I have seen them three times and eaten of their meat. I think they are about the size of those in Spain. They have small horns like those of Morocco and the hair long and flocky like that of the Merino. Some are light brown pardillas and others black. To my judgment the flesh is finer and sweeter than that of this country (Spain). The Indians make blankets of those that are not full grown and of the larger they make shoes and bucklers. They come as far as the sea coast of Florida (now Texas) and in a direction from the North and range over a district of more than 400 leagues. In the whole extent of the plain over which they roam the people who live bordering upon it descend and kill them for food and thus a great many skins are scattered throughout the country.

Coronado was the next explorer who penetrated the country of the Buffalo, which he accomplished from the West by way of Arizona and New Mexico. He crossed the southern part of the Panhandle of Texas to the edge of what was afterwards the Indian Territory, and returned through the same region. It was in the year 1542 that he reached the Buffalo country and traversed the plains that were full of crooked back oxen as the mountain Serena in Spain is of sheep. This is the description of the animal as recorded by one of his followers, Castaneda, and translated by W. W. Davis. The first time we encountered the Buffalo all the horses took flight on seeing them for they are horrible to the sight. They have a broad and short face, eyes two palms from each other and projecting in such a manner sideways they can see a pursuer. Their beard is like that of goats and so long that it drags the ground when they lower the head, they have on the anterior portion of the body a frizzled hair like sheep wool, it is very fine upon the croup, and sleek like a lions mane. Their horns are fery short and thick and can scarcely be seen through the hair. They always change their hair in May, and at this season they really resemble lions. To make it drop more quickly for they change it as adders do their skins, they roll among the brushwood which they find in the ravines. Their tail is very short and terminates in a great tuft, when they run they carry it in the air like scorpions. When quite young they are

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tawny and resemble our calves but as age increases they change color and form. Neither DeSoto, Ponce de Leon, Vasquez de Alyllon nor Pamphilo de Narvaez ever saw a Buffalo for the reason that all their exploration were made South of what was the habitat of that animal. At the time DeSoto made his great exploration from Florida Northwestward to the Mississippi and into Arkansas in 1539-41 he did indeed pass through country in Northern Mississippi and Louisiana that was afterwards inhabited by the Buffalo, but at that time not one was to be found there. Some of his soldiers, however, who was sent into the Northern part of Arkansas reported having seen Buffalo skins in the possession of the Indians and were told that live Buffalo were to be found five or six leagues North of their farthest point.

The earliest discovery of the Bison in Eastern North America or indeed anywhere North of Coronado's route, was made somewhere near Washington, District of Columbia, in 1612, by an English navigator named Samuel Argoll, and narrated as follows:

As soon as I had unladen this corne. I set my men to the felling of timber for the building of a frigate which I had left half finished at Point Comfort the nineteenth of March, and returned myself with the ship into Pembroke (Potomac) River and so discovered at the head of it which is about sixty-five leagues into the land and navigable for any ship and then marching into the country I found great store of cattle as big as kine of which the Indians that were my guides killed a couple, which we found to be very good wholesome meat and are very easy to be killed in regard they are heavy, slow and not so wild as other beasts of the wilderness.

It is to be regretted that the narrative of the explorer affords no clew to the precise locality of this interesting discovery, but since it is doubtful that the mariner journeyed very far on foot from the head of navigation of the Potomac it seems highly probable that the first American Bison seen by Europeans other than the Spaniards was found within fifteen miles or even less of the Capitol of the United States and possibly within the District of Columbia.

The first meeting of the white man with the Buffalo on the Northern boundry of that animals habitat occurred in 1679 when Father Hennepin ascended the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes and finally penetrated the great wilderness as far as Western Illinois. The next meeting with the Buffalo on the



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Atlantic slope was in October, 1729, by a party of surveyors under Col. William Byrd who were engaged in surveying the boundary between North Carolina and Virginia. As the party journeyed up from the coast marking the line which now constitutes the interstate boundary, three Buffalo were seen on Sugar Tree Creek but none of them were killed. On the return journey in November one bull Buffalo was killed on Sugar Tree Creek which is in Halifax county, Virginia within five miles of Buffalo Creek longitude 78 degrees 40 minutes West and 155 miles from the coast. It was found all alone though the Buffalo seldom are. The meat is spoken of as a rarity not met with at all on the expedition up. The animal was found in thick woods which were thus described: The woods were thick great part of this day's journey so that we were forced to scuffle hard to advance seven miles being equal in fatigue to double that distance of clear and open ground. One of the creeks which the party saw was christened Buffalo Creek so named from the frequent tokens we discovered of that American Behemoth.

In October, 1733, an another surveying expedition of Colonel Byrd's party had the good fortune to kill another Buffalo near Sugar Tree Creek which incident is thus described:

We pursued our journey through uneven and perplexed woods and in the thickest of them had the fortune to knock down a young Buffalo two years old. Providence threw this vast animal in our way, very seasonably just as our provisions began to fail us, and it was the more welcome too because it was a change of diet which of all varieties next to that of bed fellows, is the most agreeable. We had lived upon venison and bear till our stomachs loathed them almost as much as the Hebrews of old did their quails. Our butchers were so unhandy at their business that we grew very lank before we could get our dinner. But when it came we found it equal in goodness to the best beef. They made it the longer because they kept sucking the water from the guts in imitation of the Catauba Indians upon the belief that it is a great cordial and will even make them drunk or at least gay. A little later a solitary bull Buffalo was found but spared, the earliest instance of the kind on record.

## GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION

The range of the American Bison extended over about

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one-third of the entire continent of North America. Starting almost at tide water on the Atlantic Coast it extended Westward through a vast tract of dense forest across the Alleghany Mountains system to the prairies along the Mississippi and Southward to the Delta of that great stream. Although the great plains country of the West was the natural home of the Buffalo where it flourished in countless thousands and was food and raiment for the Aboriginal occupants. The Southern Comanche, the Sioux Pawnee and the Cheyennes, the Nomads of the plains. It also wandered Southwest across Texas to the burning plains of Northeastern Mexico, Westward across the mountains into New Mexico, Utah and Idaho and Northward across that vast treeless waste to the bleak and inhospitable shores of the great slave lake. It is more than probable that had the Bison remained unmolested by man an uninfluenced by him he would eventually have crossed the Sierra Nevadas and taken up his abode in the great fertile valleys of the Pacific slope. Had the Bison remained for a few more centuries in undisturbed possession of his range at liberty to roam at will over the North American continent, it is almost certain that several distinctly recognizable varieties would have been produced. The Buffalo of the hot regions of the extreme South would have become a short haired animal like the gaur of India and the African Buffalo. The ones inhabiting the extreme North in the vicinity of the Great Slave Lake, would have developed still longer hair and taken on more of the dense hairyness of the musk ox. It would be easy to fill volumes with facts relating to the geographical distribution of the Bison Americanus and dates of occupancy and disappearance in multitude of different localities embraced within the immense area it once inhabited. But to little purpose. I have drawn liberally from the life history of the Bison by Wm. T. Hornaday as submitted to the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, June 30, 1887, wherein he acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Allen's work.

While it is inexpedient to include here all the facts that might be recorded with reference to the discovery existence and ultimate extinction of the Buffalo, yet it is worth while to mention briefly the extreme limits of its range. There is no indisputable evidence that the Buffalo ever inhabited the precise locality of the District of Columbia, but it is probable that it did. In 1612 Captain Argoll sailed up the Pembroke River to the head of navigation. Mr. Allen believes this was

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the James River and not the Potomac and marched inland a few miles where he discovered Buffalo, some of which were killed by his Indian guides. If this river was the Potomac and most authorities believe it was, the Buffalo seen by Argoll might easily have been in what is now the District of Columbia. Admitting the existence of a reasonable doubt as to the identity of the Pembroke River of Captain Argoll there is yet another bit of history which fairly established the fact that in the early part of the seventeenth century Buffalo inhabited the banks of the Potomac between this city and the lower falls. In 1624 an English fur trader named Henry Fleet came hither to trade with the Anacostian Indians who then inhabited the present site of the city of Washington with the tribes of the upper Potomac.

In his journal, discovered a few years since in the Lamberth Library, London, Fleet gave a quaint description of the city's site as it then appeared. The following is from the explorer's journal:

Monday the 25th of June, we sailed for the town of Tohoga where we came to an anchor two leagues short of the falls. This place without question is the most pleasant and healthful place in all this country and most convenient for habitation, the air temperate in summer and not violent in winter. It aboundeth with all manners of fish. The Indians in one night will catch thirty Sturgeons in a place where the river is not above twelve fathoms broad, and as for deer, buffalo and bears and turkeys the woods do swarm with them.

Of the numerous references to the occurrence of Bison in Virginia it is suffice to allude to Colonel's Byrd's meeting with Buffalo in 1620 while surveying the Southern boundary of the state as already referred to. The reference to the discovery of Buffalo on the Eastern side of the Virginia mountains quoted by Mr. Allen from Salmon's *Present State of Virginia*, Page 14 (London), 1937, the capture and domestication of Buffalo in 1701 by the Huguenot Settlers at Minikintown which was situated on the James River about fourteen miles above Richmond, apparently Buffalo were more numerous in Virginia than in any other of the Atlantic States. Col. Byrd's discoveries along the state boundary between Virginia and North Carolina fixes the presence of the Buffalo in the Northern part of the latter state.

The following letter to Prof. G. Brown Goode dated Birdsnest, P. O., Virginia, Aug. 6th, 1888, from Mr. C. R.

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Moore furnishes reliable evidence of the presence of the Buffalo at another point in North Carolina.

In the winter of 1857 I was staying for the night at the house of an old gentleman named Huston. I should judge he was seventy. He lived near Buffalo Ford on the Catawba River about four miles from Statesville, N. C. I asked him how the ford got its name. He told me that his grandfather told him that when he was a boy the Buffalo crossed there and that when the rocks in the river were bare they would eat the moss that grew upon them. The point indicated is in longitude 81 degrees West and the date not far from 1750.

Professor Allen cites numerous authorities whose observations furnish abundant evidence of the existence of the Buffalo in South Carolina during the first half of the eighteenth century. From these it is quite evident that in the northwestern half of the state Buffalo were once fairly numerous.

Keating declares on the authority of Colhoun that we know that some of those who first settled the Abbeville district in South Carolina in 1756 found Buffalo there. The extreme Southeastern limit of the Buffalo range in the U. S. was the coast of Georgia, near the mouth of the Altamaha River opposite St. Simmons Islands, Mr. Francis Moore in his voyage to Georgia made in 1736 and reported upon in 1744 makes the following observation:

The Island of St. Simon abounds with deer and rabbits, there are no Buffalo on it though, there are large herds upon the main—elsewhere in the same document, page 122, reference is made of Buffalo hunting by Indians on the main land near Darien.

In James E. Oglethorpe's report, 1733, of wild beasts of Georgia and South Carolina, he mentions deer, elks, bear, wolves and Buffalo, up to the time of Moore's voyage to Georgia the interior was almost wholly unexplored and it is almost certain that had not the large herds of Buffalo on the main land existed within a distance of twenty or thirty miles or less from the coast, the Colonists would have had no knowledge of them nor would the Indians have taken to the warpath against the whites at Darien—under pretense of hunting Buffalo. I believe that the Buffalo once inhabited the Northern half of Alabama though history fails to record it.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Buffalo were plentiful in Southern Mississippi and Louisiana, not only down to the coast from Bay St. Louis to Biloxi but in the very Delta

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of the Mississippi as the following records show. In a Memoir addressed to Count de Ponchartrain, December 10th, 1698 the Author M. de Remonville describes the country around the mouth of the Mississippi (now in the state of Louisiana) and says: A great abundance of wild cattle are found. Whether these animals were Buffalo might be considered an open question but for following additional information which afford positive proof. The trade in furs and peltry would be immensely valuable and exceedingly profitable. We could also draw from thence a great quantity of Buffalo hides every year as the plains are filled with the animals. In the same volume, page 47, in a document entitled "Annals of Louisiana", from 1698 to 1722, by M. Penicaut 1698, the author records the presence of the Buffalo on the Gulf Coast on the banks of the Bay St. Louis as follows: The next day we left Pea Island and camped at the entrance of the Bay near a fountain of water that flows from the hills and which was called at this time "Belle Fountain." We hunted during several days upon the coast of this Bay and filled our boats with meat of the deer, buffalo and other wild game, and carried it to the Fort Biloxi. The appearance of the Buffalo at Natchez is recorded as follows: We ascended the Mississippi to Pass Manchac where we killed fifteen Buffalo. The next day we landed again and killed eight more Buffalo and as many deer. There is no doubt but what thousands of Buffalo once roamed over the Mississippi Valley and Louisiana. The Choctaws have an interesting tradition in regards to the disappearance of the Buffalo from Mississippi. It relates that during the early part of the eighteenth century a great draught occurred which was particularly severe in the prairie regions. For three years not a drop of rain fell. The Nowubee and Tombigbee Rivers dried up and the forests perished. The Elk and Buffalo which up to that time had been numerous all migrated to the country beyond the Big Muddy and never returned. It will be remembered that it was in Southeastern Texas, in all probability within fifty miles of the present city of Houston, that the earliest discovery of the American Bison on its native heath was made in 1530 by Cabeza de Vaca, a half-starved, half-naked Spaniard, almost the only surviving member of the celebrated expedition which burned its ships behind it. Buffalo were so numerous on the Colorado River, Texas, that they called it La Riviere Aux Baeufs. In 1542

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Coronado while on his celebrated march met with vast herds of Buffalo on the upper Pecos River, since which their presence in the valley of the Pecos has been well known. In describing the journey of Espejo down the Pecos River in 1584, Davis says in *Spanish Conquest of New Mexico*: They passed down a river they called Rio de las Vaca or the River of Oxen. The Pecos, the same cow river Vaca describes and was so named because of the great herds of Buffalo that fed on its banks. The only evidence on record of the presence of Buffalo in Oregon was the finding of the bones of an animal that resembled those of the Buffalo, by Professor O. C. Marsh, in 1875, in the foothills of the Blue Mountains. It is well known that Buffalo in small numbers once inhabited Northeastern Utah. A few were killed by the Mormons prior to 1840 in the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake. The range of the Bison probably embraced the whole of Idaho. Fremont states that in the spring of 1824 the Buffalo were spread in immense numbers over the Green River and Bear River Valleys, and through all the country lying between the Colorado or Green River and the Lewis fork of the Columbia, in the meridian of Fort Hall, then forming the Western limit of their range. Between the Rocky Mountains and the State lying along the Mississippi River from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico the whole country was one vast Buffalo range. The early pioneers of the last century thought Buffalo were abundant on the Eastern ranges. But the herds which lived East of the Mississippi were comparatively mere stragglers from the innumerable mass which covered the great Western pasture region from the Big Muddy to the Rocky Mountains and from the Rio Grande to the Great Slave Lake, Central Nebraska was considered the geographical center of distribution of the species as it originally existed. Since 1860 to 1880 the center of the herd was in Southwestern Dakota and Southeastern Montana. One could fill volumes with records of plainsmen and pioneers who crossed that vast region between 1820 to 1870 and were in turn surprised, astounded and frequently dismayed by the tens of thousands of Buffalo they observed, avoided or escaped from. They lived and moved as no other animal ever have, in great multitudes, covering scores of miles. They were so numerous they frequently stopped boats on the rivers, threatened to overwhelm travelers on the plains and in later years derailed locomotives and cars

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until railway engineers learned by experience the wisdom of stopping their trains whenever there were Buffalo crossing the track. Near the mouth of the White River in Southwestern Dakota, Lewis and Clark saw in 1806 a herd of Buffalo which caused them to make the following record in their journal:

The animals, the Buffalo, are now so numerous that from an eminence we discovered more than we had ever seen before at one time, and if not possible to calculate the moving multitude, which darkened the whole plains, we are convinced that twenty thousand would not exaggerate the number. Perhaps the most vivid picture ever given of the abundance of the Buffalo, is that given by Colonel R. I. Dodge in his "Plains of the Great West". It is well worth reproducing entire. In May, 1871, I drove in a light wagon from old Fort Zara, to Fort Larnard, on the Arkansas, thirty-four miles. At least twenty-five miles of the distance, was through one immense herd, composed of countless small herds of Buffalo, then on their journey north. The road ran along the broad, level bottom, or valley of the river. The whole country appeared one great mass of Buffalo, moving slowly to the northward, and it was only when actually among them, that it could be ascertained that the apparently solid mass was an agglomeration of innumerable small herds, from about fifty to two hundred animals, separated from the surrounding herds by greater or less space, but still separated. The herds in the valley sullenly got out of my way, and turning, stared an instant, then started out at full speed directly towards me, stampeding, and bringing with them the numerous herds through which they passed, and pouring down upon me all the herd, no longer separated, but one immense compact mass of plunging animals, mad with fright, and as irresistible as an avalanche. The situation was by no means pleasant. Reigning up my horse, which was fortunately a quiet old beast that had been at the death of many a Buffalo, so that the wildest, maddest rush only caused him to cock his ears in wonder at their unnecessary excitement. I waited until the herd was within fifty yards, when a few well-directed shots split the herd, and sent it pouring off in two streams, to my right and left. When all had passed me, they stopped, apparently perfectly satisfied, though thousands were yet in reach of my rifle, many less than one hundred yards. Disdaining to fire again, I sent my servant to cut out the tongues of the



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fallen. This occurred so often within the next ten miles, that when I arrived at Fort Larnard I had twenty-six tongues in my wagon, representing the greatest number of Buffalo that my conscience can reproach me for having murdered, in a single day. I was not hunting, wanted no meat, and would not voluntarily have fired at these herds. I killed only in self-preservation, and fired almost every shot from the wagon. The great herd on the Arkansas River, through which I passed, could not have averaged at best over fifteen or twenty to the acre, but was from my own observation not less than twenty-five miles wide, and from reports of hunters, and others, it was five days in passing a given point, not less than fifty miles deep. From the top of the Pawnee Rock, I could see from six to ten miles in almost every direction. This whole vast space was covered with Buffalo, looking like one compact mass, the visual angle not permitting the ground to be seen. I have seen such a sight a number of times, but never on so large a scale. That was the last of the great herds, according to his recorded observation, the herd extended along the river for a distance of twenty-five miles, which was in reality the width of the vast procession that was moving North, and back from the road as far as the eye could reach on both sides. It is making a low estimate to consider the extent of the visible ground at one mile on either side. This would give a strip of country two miles wide, by twenty-five long, or a total of fifty square miles, covered with Buffalo, averaging from fifteen to twenty to the acre. Taking a lesser number in order to be below the truth, rather than above it, we find that the number actually seen that day by Colonel Dodge, was in the neighborhood of 450,000, not counting the number seen from the top of Pawnee Rock, which if added, would easily bring the total up to a round half million.

If the advancing multitude had been at all points fifty miles in length, as it was known to have been in some places at least, twenty-five miles in width, and still averaged fifteen head to the acre of ground, it would have contained the enormous number of 12,000,000 head. But judging from general principles governing such migrations, it is almost certain that the moving mass advanced in the shape of a wedge, which would make it necessary to deduct about two-thirds from the actual number of Buffalo in that great herd, which I believe is likely to be below the truth than above it.

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STILL-HUNTING BUFFALOES ON THE NORTHERN RANGE.

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No wonder that the men of the west, of those days, both white and red, thought it would be impossible to exterminate such a mighty multitude. The Indians, of some tribes, believed that the Buffaloes issued from the earth continually, and that the supply was necessarily inexhaustible, and yet in five short years, the Southern herd was almost totally annihilated.

The existence of two kinds of Buffalo, is firmly believed by many of the Northern hunters, and frontiersmen, along the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains as far North as the great Peace River. The Wood Buffalo, as it is called, is very scarce and only found North of the Saskatchewan, on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains. Some years ago in conversation with an old Northern hunter, he told me that there were a few wood Buffalo in Athabasca, along the Salt River.

In Professor John Macoun's "Manitoba and the Great Northwest", there occurs the following reference to the-wood Buffalo: In the winter of 1870, the last Buffalo were killed North of Peace River, but, in 1875, about one thousand head were still in existence, between the Athabasca and Peace River, north of the Little Slave Lake. These wood Buffalo differ only in size from those of the plains. In a recent communication with that great scout, Ed. L. Carson, of Burlington, Washington, seeking reliable information as to the existence of Buffalo in the British Northwest. I will quote his entire letter:

Mr. Hill:

Your mention of Buffalo leads me to think you are interested in the Peace River country, so I will answer you on that supposition. Yes, there are several hundred wild Buffalo in that region, but for the "love of pork" don't ever think of shooting one of them. Take a crack at a Creek Indian, or a homesteader, if you want excitement, and if you should make a bull's-eye, the worst they would do to you would be to hang you, but that is nothing to what would happen if you shoot one of those sacred bulls.

They are protected by the government., to such an extent that it is not really safe to speak harshly to them.

There is plenty of other game there, however, so do not despair. You can find bear, wolf, moose, coyote, deer, lynx, skunk, wolverine, and other savage beasts in sufficient num-

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ber, to keep you in good humor. While if you get far enough from civilization, you will come across the lordly caribou, in herds of thousands. This may sound strong, but it is a fact just the same. Unlike most other terrestrial animals of America, so long as he roamed at will over the vast plains, the Buffalo had settle migratory habits, while the elk, and black tail deer changed their altitude twice a year in conformity with the approach and disappearance of winter, the Buffalo makes a radical change in latitude. This was most noticeable in the great Western pasture region, where the herds were more numerous, and their movements more easily observed. The herds that wintered in Texas and the Indian Territory migrated to Nebraska, Colorado and Wyoming in the spring. The winter herds of Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska went to the prairies along the Saskatchewan and the Great Slave Lake. This was the great Northern herd. The geographical center of the great Southern herd during the few years of its separate existence before its destruction, was near the present site of Garden City, Kansas, as late at 1872, thousands ranged within ten miles of Wichita, Kansas, which was then the headquarters for a number of hunters, who plied their occupation vigorously during the winter; on the North the herd ranged within twenty-five miles of the Union Pacific, until swarms of hunters, coming down from the north, drove them farther and farther South. On the West a few small bands ranged as far as Pike's Peak. In the southwest Buffalo were abundant as far as the Pecos and the Stakes Plains. Their most prized feeding grounds was the section of country between the South Platte and Arkansas Rivers. Hundreds of thousands went South each winter, thousands remained. It was the chosen home of the Buffalo.

During the years from 1866 to 1871, when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was constructed through the heart of the Southern Buffalo range the Southern herd was literally cut to pieces by the railway, and every portion of its range rendered easily accessible. The rush to the range was only surpassed by the rush to the gold mines of California in the early days. Railroad builders, teamsters, fortune-seekers, professional hunters, trappers, guides, and everyone out of a job, turned out to hunt Buffalo for hides, and meat. An immense business of the kind was done by the merchants of Fort Dodge, Wichita, and Leavenworth. During the years from 1871 to

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1874 little else was done in that country except Buffalo killing. Central depots were established in the best Buffalo country from whence hunting parties operated in all directions. As late as 1878 there were a lot of baled Buffalo skins in a corral at Dodge City, which measured 120 cords. Thousands were killed for their tongues alone, and thousands more were wounded by unskilled marksmen, and wandered off to die, and be devoured by wolves, a total loss.

The great slaughter began in 1871. By 1873 it was at its height. Just at the beginning of the slaughter the breech-loading long-range rifles attained, what was near perfection. The Sharps, 40-90 and 45-120 were the favorite weapons—the best long-range gun ever made. Before the leaden hail of the thousands of these deadly breech-loaders, the Buffalo went down in thousands, every day during the hunting season. The slaughter was greatest along the lines of the three railways: the Kansas Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Union Pacific. During 1873, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe carried out 25,443 robes, 1,617,600 pounds of meat, and 2,743,100 pounds of bone. These robes represented about one out of every three Buffalo that were killed. By the close of the hunting season of 1876 the great Southern herd had been annihilated. The main herd of the survivors, numbering about ten thousand head, fled Southwest, and disappeared in that inhospitable country, the Llano Estacado or Staked Plains.

In 1879, two hunters brought into Fort Worth, about two thousand robes—the last shipment of any consequence from Texas. In the fall of 1885, just after the fall roundup, I was sent with an outfit consisting of the chuck wagon, and cook, horse wrangler and five other men, Jim Keen, John Sebel, Joe Hamilton, Dock Lorange, Fred La Breche and Link Gates of the R. Quarter-Circle outfit, to the Sentinel Butte country to hunt for two work horses that had gotten away two years previous, and had been seen in that country. The outfit belonged to Towers and Gudgeon, the O. X. outfit, and all the men were working for them, except Link Gates.

We crossed Big Beaver, about fifteen miles South of the Northern Pacific railroad and were riding up a level valley resembling an ancient river bed with Scorio Buttes on either side, otherwise a level country, rich, nutritious grasses everywhere. We saw seven animals in the distance, all the same

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color. Fred La Breche, who had been a Buffalo hunter, said they were Buffalo, and called our attention to the fact that they were grazing against the wind, and all looked higher in front. We waited until the kid came up with the remuda and then changed to our best horses. I selected "Brown Jug", my Buffalo horse. We kept out of sight behind the Buttes until near enough to make a dash for them. I killed one monster old bull, and shot a spike bull in the hump. The other boys couldn't get their horses up near enough. We were only using six-shooters. I could have killed the whole bunch if I had had a pocket full of cartridges and so desired. I had only five cartridges in my six-shooter, and having a new belt full, I could not get them out with one hand, while running at full speed. Just as I fired my last shot, the only remaining old bull in the bunch, whirled round and faced me. I thought he was going to fight, and I sat there on my horse trying to extract a cartridge from my belt. He stood there facing me—not over twenty-five yards away—perfectly still, seeming to say in his mute way: "I am the last of my race: shoot me down." For a few minutes he stood gazing at me, then whirled and ran after the others that were then very nearly out of sight. I watched him until he looked like a speck in the distance—going due North.

That was the last wild Buffalo I ever saw on the plains. That was the remnant of the great Northern herd that in 1882 was estimated, by most all the old hunters, to contain at least 100,000 head that went North in the fall of 1882. Only a few stragglers ever returned. As near as could be estimated there were, in 1865, 9,500,000 Buffalo on the plains between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains—now all gone, killed for their skins. At that date there were about 165,000 Pawnees, Siouxs, Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, who were dependent on the Buffalo for their food and clothing. If the Redman had been a man of foresight, he would have seen what his wholesale slaughter would soon result in, and would have been moved by common impulse to kill sparingly, and by reasonable economy in the chase have made the Buffalo last as long as possible. But apparently no such thoughts ever entered their minds, so far as they themselves were concerned. They looked with jealous eyes upon the white hunter, and considered him as much a robber, as if they had a brand on every Buffalo. It has been claimed by some that

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the Indians killed with more care for the future than the white man. I fail to find any evidence that such was the fact. They witnessed the herds being driven farther and farther back and the narrowing down of the limits of their hunting grounds. Still when in need of food they killed wastfully, wantonly and always many more than they needed for food, and seventy-five per cent of their slaughter would be left to fatten the wolves.

It was the hide hunter that caused the early extermination of the great herds of Buffalo from the Western plains. The lure of the chase and the small amount they received for each robe or skin, caused the greatest slaughter of the finest food animals in the world, of so great a size. Tons of wholesome meat were left to putrefy on the prairies, or food for thousands of wolves that followed the trail of the Buffalo. The average prices paid the hide hunters was about as follows: For cow hides, three dollars; bull hides, two-fifty; yearlings, one-fifty, and calves, seventy-five cents. Joseph Ullman of Chicago, paid out for robes and hides in the four years during the killing of the Northern herd \$310,000. During the course of eight years, from 1876 to 1883, the two firms of Joseph Ullman Co., and A. J. Boskowitz, of New York, and Chicago, paid out for Buffalo skins \$1,233,070. Besides these firms there were many others who handled thousands of robes for which they paid immense sums of money. The Hudson Bay Fur Company handled many thousands of robes. Of all the deadly methods of Buffalo slaughter the still hunt was the deadliest. Destitute of every element of buoyant excitement and spice of danger that accompanied Buffalo hunting on horseback the still hunt was mere butchery of the tamest and most cruel kind.

There was none of the true excitement of the chase. The Buffalo owes his early extermination largely, to his own unparalleled stupidity. So long as the Buffalo remained in large herds, their numbers gave them a feeling of safety. A dependence upon his fellows of a general security from harm, even in the presence of strange phenomena which he did not understand. When he heard a loud report and saw a little smoke from top of a ridge 200 yards away he wondered what it meant and held himself in readiness to follow his leader in case she should run away. But when the leader of the herd, usually an old cow, fell bleeding to the ground, instead of acting in-

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dependently and fleeing from the alarm, he waited his turn to be shot down. Generally the trained eye of the hunter would locate the leader of the herd, and a well-directed shot from his Old Reliable, through the lungs, would cause the leader to stand coughing up blood for a few moments, thus holding the amazed animals until the hunter would accomplish his merciless slaughter. Captain Jack Brydges of Kansas, one of the first to begin the final slaughter of the Southern herd, killed by contract one thousand and one hundred and forty-two Buffalo in six weeks. It was the ability of a single hunter to destroy such a herd in a day, that caused the complete annihilation of the Northern herd before the people learned what was going on. For example: Vic Smith, the most famous hunter in Montana, killed 107 Buffaloes in one stand, in about one hour's time, and without shifting his point of attack. This occurred in the Red Water country about 100 miles northeast of Miles City in the winter of 1881-82. During the same season another hunter, Doc. Aughl, killed eighty-five at one stand, and John Edwards killed seventy-five at one stand. The total number that Vic Smith claims to have killed that season is 5,000. Where Buffalo were plentiful every man who called himself a hunter was expected to kill between one and two thousand during the hunting season—from November to February.

There arrived in Miles City, Montana, September 24, 1886, an expedition sent out by the Smithsonian Institute, headed by William T. Hornaday, Chief Taxidermist of the national museum, for the purpose of securing specimens of the American Bison, then on the verge of extinction. Through the courtesy of the War Department, an order was sent to the officer commanding the Department of Dakota, requesting him to furnish the party through the officers in command at Fort Keogh such field transportation, escort and camp equipment as might be necessary. The Secretary of the Interior also favored the party with an order directing all Indian agents, scouts and others in the service of the Department to render assistance as far as possible when called upon. Mr. Hornaday was accompanied by W. Harvey Brown, a student of the University of Kansas, as field assistant. They had previously engaged three cowboys as guides and hunters.

Irwin Boyd James McNaney and L. S. Russell. Mr. McNaney was a Buffalo hunter of some repute, having served in



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that capacity for three years. They were equipped with a six-mule team and escort of six men in charge of Sergeant Bayliss, an old veteran of more than twenty years in the service, from the Fifth Infantry. Private Patrick McCanna, who was also detailed to act as cook and camp guard for the party. They had been previously informed by letter from Dr. J. C. Merrill, United States Army, at Huntley, Montana, that there were a few head of Buffalo still to be found in three localities in the Northwest, on the headwaters of Powder River, in Wyoming, in the Judith Basin, Montana, and on Big Dry Creek, in Montana; and that there was a scattered band of about 200 head running between the Canadian River, and the Staked Plains, Texas. They determined to hunt the Northwest country first and Texas as a last resort.

On arriving at Miles City, they soon found that the report regarding Powder River and the Judith Basin was erroneous. All inquiries elicited the same reply: "There are no Buffalo anymore, and you can't get any, anywhere." Many persons who were considered good authority, declared most positively that there was not a live Buffalo in Montana outside of the Yellowstone Park herd, or some privately owned. While I had never been north of the Yellowstone, I had ridden the range South of the Yellowstone for several years, then the very heart of the Buffalo range, where they made their last stand, where the last of the great Northern herd was slaughtered. I was right in saying there were no Buffalo on Powder River nor anywhere in Montana, then, south of the Yellowstone. Just then the prospect of finding any Buffalo was not very bright and Mr. Hornaday was losing hopes of securing the number desired for the museum.

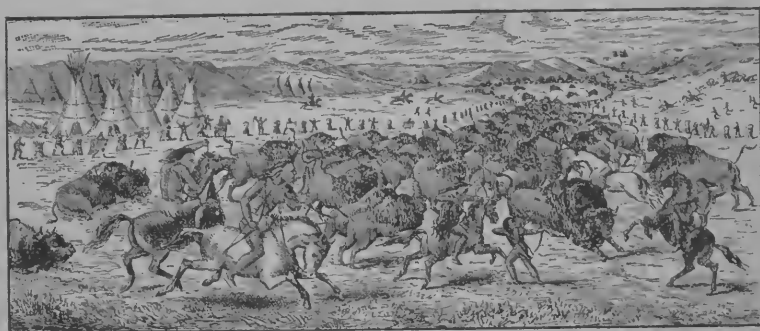
It was again reported that a few head remained in the country south of the Big Dry Creek, and the report confirmed by Mr. Henry Phillips, owner of the L. U. Bar Ranch and cattle on Little Dry Creek. On the other hand others who seemed well informed regarding that region, assured them that not a single Buffalo remained there. But the balance of evidence seemed in favor of the Big Dry country, and the party resolved to hunt that country with all possible haste.

They crossed the Yellowstone September 26th, 1886, at Miles City and struck the Sunday Creek Trail for the H. V. Ranch on Big Dry Creek. They reached the H. V. Ranch on Big Dry Creek, September 29th. From there the hunt be-

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gan. They proceeded up the Sand Creek trail, the wagon and extra horses in care of Harvey Brown. Sand Creek runs into Big Dry Creek, which with the Little Dry, forms the Big Dry Creek which empties into the Big Missouri. The Big Porcupine Creek heads up near the divide of Big Dry Creek and with the Little Porcupine runs South into the Yellowstone. West of the Big Porcupine Creek lies the Buffalo Buttes near the head of Taylor Creek. It was in there the last of the great herd of Buffalo sought refuge from the hide hunters. It was on the divide between Sand Creek and Calf Creek that the party found their first Buffalo, on October 13th; seven head in all. They were discovered by Mr. Russell, who was escorting the wagon across the High Divide. He fired a few shots at them but failed to get any, being on a tired horse and was unable to give chase.

The next morning Mr. Hornaday and the three cowboys mounted their best horses and took the trail. They followed it twenty miles due South to the head of Taylor Creek. Just at noon they rode onto a high point and on scanning the country with glasses, discovered the Buffalo lying on the top of a butte, about two miles away. The original bunch of seven head had been joined by an equal number, making fourteen in all.



CREE INDIANS IMPOUNDING BUFFALOES.

Reproduced from Prof. H. Y. Hind's "Red River, Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Expedition."

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Mr. McNaney killed a fine old bull, and a two-year-old spike out of the herd, and Mr. Hornaday killed a cow and an old bull, making four for the day's work. This herd of fourteen head was the largest bunch they saw on the entire trip. Two days later when they were on the same spot with the wagon to skin the game and haul it in, four more Buffalo were discovered within two miles of them, and while some of them were working on the old bulls to keep them from spoiling, the cowboys went after the Buffalo. By a brilliant exploit they killed all of them. The last, an immense old bull, was chased fully twelve miles before he was brought down. By the fifteenth of December they had secured twenty-five specimens of different ages and sexes, of which ten were old bulls, one young bull, seven cows, four young cows, two yearling calves and one three-months'-old calf. In their collection were ten deer, five mule deer and five white tail deer, three wild geese, seven sharp tailed grouse and eleven sage hens. They had several fine antelope, coyotes, jack-rabbits, and other birds and mammals found in that country at that season. By this time the weather was getting cold and it was not safe to be out any longer if they wanted to get in before spring.

On the twenty-third of November, Private C. S. West started to Fort Keogh to secure teams and wagons to bring in the trophies of the hunt. On the 25th he faced the worst storm of the season. The mercury dropped to 16 below zero, and it was near impossible to keep a course in the face of such a blizzard. He wandered for five days in the bad lands, unable to find a trail that would lead him to a camp. He was afraid to sleep at night for fear of freezing, and would sleep a little in the warmest part of the day, while his horses rested. On the sixth day out, he found a trail that led to Crees' sheep ranch and found the solitary ranchman at home. The warm-hearted frontiersman gave the starving wanderers—man and horse—the kindly welcome so characteristic of the western frontier. After two or three days' rest and feeding, of both man and horse, the storm had subsided, and he was able to go on, and in time reached Fort Keogh. Without the loss of a single day, Colonel Gibson started three teams and an escort back to the hunters. Notwithstanding his terrible experience, West had the pluck to accompany them as guide. His arrival among them once more was like the dead coming to life. They had had searching parties out looking for him,

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and had never expected to see him alive again. He proved what a man with a determined will can stand.

The party reached Miles City on the twentieth of December, 1886, with their collection in fine condition. Thus passed the last remnant of the great Northern herd of Buffalo. Those were the last of that great herd.

This expedition left about fifteen head of Buffalo alive in the badlands on the divide of the Missouri and the Yellowstone, at the head of the Big Porcupine Creek. In 1887, three of these were killed by cowboys. In 1888, two more were killed. On September 11th, 1888, a solitary bull was killed in Dickey County, North Dakota. That was the last Buffalo ever killed in the Northwest, that I have any knowledge of.

In February, 1889, Honorable Joseph M. Carey, member of Congress from Wyoming, received a letter informing him that a band of Buffalo, consisting of twenty-six head, had been seen grazing in the Red Desert country, Wyoming, and that the Indians were preparing to attack them. At Carey's request the Indian Bureau issued orders which it was hoped, would prevent the slaughter of this pitiful remnant of the once great herd.

As late as 1887, the last surviving remnant of the Southern herd numbered approximately one hundred, running in the Panhandle of Texas. In 1888, a man named Lee Howard fitted out a party and led them to the haunts of these few survivors, and killed fifty-two of them. In May, 1888, C. J. Jones, known as "Buffalo Jones", went into this region for the purpose of capturing Buffalo alive. His party found all told, thirty-seven head, of which they captured eighteen head—the greatest feat ever accomplished in Buffalo hunting. It is more than probable that Mr. Jones and his men saw all the Buffalo living in the Panhandle country at that time, and it is quite certain that not more than twenty-five individuals remained.

Today those are gone. I do not believe a single wild Buffalo exists on the American continent, excepting those of a few hundred head ranging in the Peace River country, or near the Great Slave Lake in the British Northwest. The disappearance of the Buffalo from the West was one of the inevitable results of the advance of civilization. To the early pioneers who went forth to carve the way in the wilderness, to wrestle with nature for the necessities of life, this valuable animal seemed like a gift direct from the hand of Providence.

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TROPHIES OF THE HUNT

Mounted by the author in the U. S. National Museum

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

During the first few years of the early settlers' life in a new country the few domestic animals he had brought with him were far too valuable to be killed for food, and for a long period he looked to the wild animals of the forest and the prairie for his daily supply of meat. The time was when no one stopped to think of the important part our game animals played in the settlement of this country, and even now no one has attempted to calculate the lessened degree of rapidity with which the star of the empire would have taken its Westward way without the buffalo, elk, deer and the antelope. Although the Buffalo was the first wild species to disappear before the advance of the all-conquering civilization, he served a good purpose at a highly critical period. His huge bulk of toothsome flesh fed many a hungry family, and his ample robe did good service in the settler's cabin and sleigh in winter weather. From the time the bison was first seen by white men he has always been a conspicuous prize and being the largest of the land, quadrupeds were naturally the first to disappear. Every man's hand was against him.

In 1881, the Northern Pacific railroad was built as far West as Miles City, Montana. At that time the whole country was a howling wilderness of Indians, and wild Buffalo.

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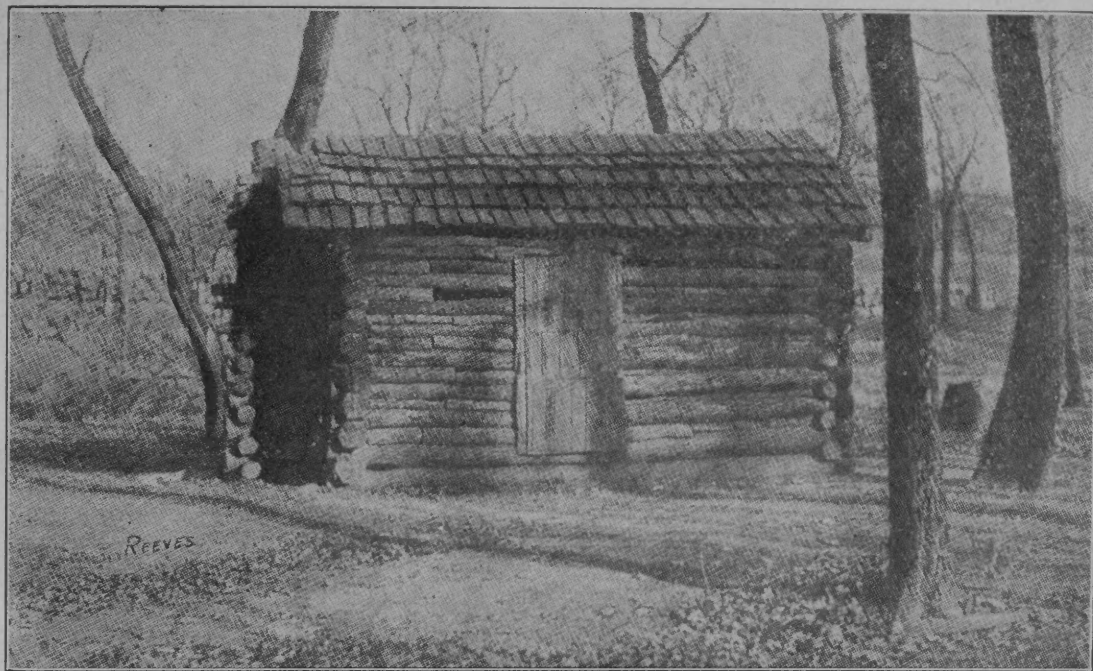
The first shipment of robes by rail from the North was made that year, of about fifty thousand hides. In 1832, about 200,000 hides were shipped over the Northern Pacific Railroad; in 1883, 40,000; in 1884, only one carload was shipped from Dickinson, Dakota Territory, the last shipment of Buffalo robes ever made. For a time the old hunters cherished the fond delusion that the great herd had gone north into the British possessions, and would return in great numbers. But after a year or two had gone by without the appearance of a single Buffalo, and without any reliable information of the existence of a herd of any size in the British Territory, the hunters hung up their Sharp's rifles and sought other means of livelihood; some went to gathering Buffalo bones, that were bleaching on the prairies; some went on the cattle range to work as cowboys.

The badlands of the Little Missouri River, from the Northern Pacific, North to the Yellowstone, up the Yellowstone to the mouth of the Powder River and comprising all the badlands of Big Beaver and Glendive Creek, North of the Northern Pacific Railroad should have been set aside for a Buffalo range and there let the remnant of the Northern herd after 1884, live in peace and multiply. That is all the country is fit for and it would have been well utilized.

Naturally as soon as the great herds began to grow scarce, the miles of bleaching bones suggested the idea of finding a use for them. A market was found in the east, and the prices paid per ton were sufficient to make the business of bone gathering quite remunerative. The bulk of the bone product was converted into phosphate for fertilizing purposes, but much of it was turned into carbon for use in the refining of sugar.

As early as 1872, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad shipped 1,135,300 pounds of bones; in the following year shipped 2,743,100 pounds, and in 1874 the same road handled 6,914,950 pounds. This trade continued until the plains were cleaned so far back from the railway that it was found no longer profitable.

In 1881 I saw skeletons of the Buffalo at Big Springs, Texas, lying so thick on the ground that I am sure I could have stepped from one carcass to another, without touching the ground, for two miles in any direction. These springs lie at the foot of the Llano Estakado or Staked Plains, and was



AN ABANDONED BUFFALO HUNTER'S CAMP.

Mr. W. E. Cureton, father of Attorney General Cureton of Texas, writes us that they killed the last buffalo in 1879 near old Fort Phantom Hill, which is about 25 miles from Stamford. Mr. Cureton began ranching near Stamford in 1863, and in acknowledging a 1917 booklet, adds: "I have filed this treasure with my trophies of the past." Expressions of this sort from old timers are real endorsements of the genuineness of our compilation.

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the only place the Buffalo and mustangs could get water for miles and miles. There was the mecca for hunters for several years. One hunter told me that he had lain low and kept away for twenty-four-hours after killing as many as he could handle for a while, until the herd had watered and started to move away, before it was safe for him to attempt to skin his kill, for fear of a stampede, and he would get trampled to death.

The bone gatherers pushed a little ahead of the Texas and Pacific Railroad and piled the bones along the line for miles. One man with a small pony team and only his little boy to help, informed me that at Big Springs, he had cleared \$2500 that summer, 1881, on the bones he had gathered, and he never handled but a very small portion of what was shipped from Big Springs.

In 1885, one outfit shipped over 200 tons of bones from Miles City, Montana. Now, not even a bone is left in a hundred miles of a railroad. The coming generation can never believe that the millions of Buffalo that were roaming over the Western plains as late as 1879, ever existed in such countless numbers. Now that his extermination is complete and every bone had been picked up from the plains. From his Sharp's rifle the hunter has fired his last salute over his remains, and the lobo wolves and the coyotes in badlands sing their nightly requiem over his grave.

The End.